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DEVOTED TO RELIGION, MORALITY, LITERATURE, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.—T. MEREDITH, EDITOR.

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WHOLE NO. 133

TERMS.

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From the N. Y. Quarterly Magazine.

ROBERT HALL.

As religion contributes, in a thousand unseen ways, to the preservation of liberty, and as atheism undermines not merely the foundations of liberty, but of the social fabric itself, he who as champion of the former has successfully assailed the latter, merits the warmest eulogium, and possesses one of the strongest claims to the gratitude of posterity.

Such an individual was Robert Hall. After what has already been said and written concerning this great and good man, any additional remarks may be deemed unnecessary; but his character and writings resemble the paintings of the great masters, which cannot be fully appreciated from a hasty inspection, and which not only repay all the study that may be spent upon them, but unfold new beauties at every new examination. There is so much to admire in the character of this man, that to criticize him, is to eulogize him. It was not an unequalled exposure of the evils of infidelity that alone distinguished him. Whether we regard the tendency of his writings, the simplicity of his character, the tranquility of a well spent life, or the rapture of a triumphant death, he is one of the most illustrious of that happy number whom fame's trumpet has sounded immortal. As a minister he was honest, affectionate, devoted. Glowing with love to his kind, and having an eye single to the object to which he had consecrated his talents, he never entered the sanctuary to starve his flock with an idle parade of learning, or profaned the sacred desk by a recourse to airy display and unmeaning declamation. On such occasions, while holding the happy medium in which a man speaks with an honesty which forbids equivocation, and yet a delicacy that does not needlessly wound the feelings of another, he neither stopped to pamper the pride of wealth, nor attempt to throw the mantle of palliation over baseness; but his discourse was the polished mirror in which virtue beheld the loveliness of her form and vice shrunk abashed at her deformity.

When the reformer of Geneva was once asked by the Jesuits the reason of his success, "I spoke what I thought," was the caustic reply. This was the secret of Hall's success, and it was this which gave him a decided superiority over many of those orators who shook England with the thunder of their eloquence. A sincere belief in the truth of what he uttered and a humility which induced him to keep himself in the shade and to hold up nothing but the engrossing subject of his ministrations made the situation of Hall, in comparison with other speakers, (to use his own beautiful allusion) to resemble that of the angel in the Apocalypse, who was seen standing in the sun. His eloquence consisted in something more than the mere ability to speak with oratorical fulness and elegance. It was that genuine kind which can neither be acquired by meditation in the closet nor discipline in the school, but which exists in the bosom of its possessor and comes warm from the heart and faithful to its fires. Like Burke, the whole field of ancient learning was open to his view—like Burke the wings of his imagination were ever spread, and he could clothe the severest logic in all the beauties of animated rhetoric—but unlike Burke, there was a sustained grandeur in all his efforts, and the torrent of his passion a temperance to give it smoothness. Not indeed that this ever bordered on sameness; such was the vigor and pliancy of his intellect, that as the case required, he could handle a subject, with the playfulness of a child, or grapple it with the strength of a giant. The discussion of different subjects made no difference in the amount of pleasure and instruction communicated—and his auditors were left in doubt whether he appeared to the greatest advantage when "by him the violated law spoke out its thunders, or when in strains as sweet as angels use the gospel whispered peace."

Endowed with great powers of sarcasm, he often evinced he could speak daggers though he used none. His reply to Horsley, who had said he would endeavor to pray for the dissenters—the miserable who were all in the gall of bitterness and the bonds of iniquity, was an infliction under which his adversary could not but have winced. We are glad to hear, said Hall, that the bishop intends to pray, but should feel greater confidence in the success of his petition, could we forget that the prayer of the righteous only avails much; as to gall, it is probable that we shall have plenty of that article, since his lordship has begun to discharge his own, and as to the bonds of iniquity, the only reason that we are not encompassed by them is that we are beyond the reach of his mighty malice.

The delivery of Hall has been pronounced defective, and his gestures are said to have lacked the grace of practiced oratory; but this assertion affords another proof that genius cannot be brought within the pale of ordinary criticism, and that it requires something more than a partial glance to decide either upon its errors or its excellences. There are indeed certain general rules in reference to pronunciation which cannot, without a violation of propriety, be overstepped, and which if passed over, will inevitably subject the orator to ridicule or contempt. But there are also certain gestures which may be very proper in this man, and very improper in that, which

may be very becoming in one place and very unbecoming in another. All oratory, and all the accompaniments of oratory, are relative, and must be regulated by the time, the place, and the endowments of the speaker. A man whose voice possesses neither fulness nor strength, who speaks in the ardor of the moment, loudly and rapidly, but whose vociferation will excite not the attention but the pity of the audience. We speak not for the sake of speaking, but for some definite purpose, and unquestionably the best emphasis, tones and gestures are those which will best attain that purpose. Hence, gestures which would very justly be condemned at one time, would be precisely the ones to be used at another. When Brougham uttered his philippic against Canning in the house of parliament, charging him with an utter want of consistency, and a sacrifice of principle at the footstool of power, hours of uninterrupted sarcasm would probably have been lost; but when in conclusion to give effect to his last invective, he brought his clenched fist with violence upon the table, his eloquent opponent was thrown off his guard, and the triumph of his rival was as unequivocal as it was complete. Upon an ordinary occasion, such a gesture would be deservedly branded as theatrical, but in this instance none could have been employed with more effect. No doubt the same general rules apply to the pulpit as to the forum, but there is a latitude allowed to the eloquence of the one, which has not been extended to the other.

The delivery of Hall was eminently impressive. How naturally his gestures aided to deepen the impression his language made was strikingly exhibited on one occasion. His theme was the afflictions of the righteous. After detailing them at some length, he suddenly stopped, and turning his face and pointing his hand to heaven, he added, *but the recompense of the reward.* An individual who heard him on that occasion, has declared that no adequate idea can be given of the tone and look with which these words were pronounced; and that, although he has since heard the most distinguished speakers on both sides of the Atlantic, it has not been his fortune to witness a gesture, which has made up to an audience an impression so immediate and so powerful. Sometimes at the conclusion of a sentence, particularly if its clauses were long and numerous, he would step back with a display of power that, according to one of his hearers, suggested the idea of a recoil of a heavy piece of ordnance. Do we seek to gloss over awkwardness, or to depreciate the value of a graceful elocution? No. But who needs to be reminded that we are so constituted, that a tone or gesture not created by the speaker's feelings at the moment, cannot escape detection? that when made use of they awaken in the breast of the hearer a two-fold feeling—disgust at the want of sincerity evinced, and dislike of the individual who has thought proper to have recourse to them—that acquired peculiarities, and the absence of advantages merely physical may remain unperceived in the manifestation of affection and earnestness by which we are bound up with a spell—and that he would compass the end designed by speaking, should regard the operations of his mind, not the movements of his body—should come forth to his audience with a soul full of the doctrines to be inculcated, or the sentiments impressed—and in the same hour it shall be given him how he shall speak.

From the Telegraph.

Correspondence between "Timothy" & "Titus."

LETTER TO "TITUS."

Dear brother Titus:

Agreeable to my promise in my last, I proceed to mention the cause of the existing evils in the church—in what the radical error that has produced them consists. In all we now behold of the sins of the church, we discover but the various ramifications of the same fundamental evil. Like Daniel's "Beasts" and "image" "the visions are one." The error is, a departure, in theory and practice, from the Bible Doctrine of Spirituality—of the influences of the Holy Ghost, upon the hearts of his children.

1. The churches err in theory, on this subject, in several particulars.

1. Some abuse the doctrine of our dependence on the Spirit, and of our dependence on the Father for the gift of the Spirit.—Their theory is, that as we can do nothing without the Spirit, we must wait till God, in his own good, set time, and according to his own eternal, secret purposes, sends upon us the Holy Ghost; which they say he does arbitrarily, i. e. when, and as he pleases without any regard to the moral state in which we are, or the course we pursue. The Bible doctrine on this point is, that God is waiting to be gracious in this particular, as much as in any other. He is not waiting for the time of his purpose to roll round, but for us to get in a right state to receive his spirit. He is more willing to give the Holy Spirit to them that ask it, than earthly parents are, to give good gifts to their children, Luke xi: 13. God is willing to give the Holy Spirit to all, at all times, when they ask as he requires. To say he is not, is to impeach the Divine veracity, which all do, who adopt the above theory.

2. Another important error respects what it is to be spiritual. The prevailing opinion seems to be, that a person who is frequently quite zealous, pathetic in his remarks, and rejoices considerably, though not living a holy life, and except in times of revival is very indifferent; that such an one is spiritual. But God does not touch thus. He would call it being "Baptized with the Holy Ghost," Matt iii: 11. Being "filled with the spirit"—"with all the fulness of God," &c. Now these passages are to be understood in a moral sense. They can denote nothing less than that the Holy Ghost takes *possession*—That so one can reasonably expect always to be filled with the spirit of God, while on earth. But the Bible is opposed to this doctrine. In Gal. v: 16, we are commanded to "walk in the spirit." A man's walk, in a moral sense, as used in the scriptures, includes his whole moral conduct.—Hence we can always be in the Spirit.

Again, The Saviour, speaking of the Holy Ghost, in John xiv: 16, says, "I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever." And in

verse 17th, "He dwelleth with you and shall be in you." Thus we see that God designed to have the Holy Ghost abide with his children, and that he was to dwell in them as steadily as the sun rules his system, and to apply this only to the Apostles, in a close doctrine.

It is a great thing to be a Christian—one who believes in, and loves Christ, and one in whom Christ lives and reigns. When I read such passages as the following—"Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord shall enter into the kingdom of heaven." "Many, not a few, will say unto me in that day, Lord, Lord have we not prophesied in thy name, and in thy name cast out devils, and in thy name done many wonderful works?—And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you—depart from me ye workers of iniquity—ye that work iniquity." Again—"Tith shall ye begin to say, we have eaten and drunken in thy presence, and in thout hast taught in our streets," &c. I am led to the firm belief that it is a GREAT THING to be a true Christian. But it is truly blessed to be a disciple of Christ.

It is truly desirable to be an authorized saint, even as much so as the Bible—but some good Christians know but little about orthodoxy or heterodoxy, and yet they know much about Christ and him crucified. Paul's motto of an orthodox Christian—"O it is above all price"—Christ Jesus, and him crucified; communion with Christ at the Cross, communion with the Father in his Son, in his word and ordinances; happy, happy is that man who is in such a state, such an one is on the way, the straight and narrow way to heaven, will soon be there, where turmoils, stripes, and division cease.

I hope I am a Christian. Some say this is not a correct mode of expression. I hope I am a Christian, but "I know I am," they say, is the true mode of expression. Well, I will not quarrel with any one about this; still I must express myself as seems to me most fit, most suitable, and most scriptural. The hope of the righteous, O how precious!—Then I say—

1st. I think I am a Christian because I have a hope in Christ. And this hope seems to be distinctive in its character, resting upon the Saviour alone.—The hope of the Christian is an expression of all new-born good, both in time and eternity, founded on the promises, relations and perfection of God, and on the offices, righteous-

ness and intercession of Christ." Now *where* desired, here, on the perfection of God, his promises, and the merits of Christ, rests my only hope of salvation and heaven. Here is all my strength, all my consolation, and when I fancy every thing else gone, all supports from mortals gone, the world gone, *here on Christ*, I can rest secure from every harm; *here*, there remains light in darkness—life in the midst of death; joy in sorrow, and peace amidst a world's commotions. Here is (Christ) the *life* of my soul; with him all I have embarked; with him I sail for the port of glory.

2d. I hope I am a Christian, because I was reformed in a wild career of sin and rebellion against God, and made to feel I had no hope. Oh! there was a time of inexpressible pain, anguish and horror. Thick darkness dwelt around—forebodings of endless wrath, and the thunderings of a violated law rent my soul asunder, and robbed my mind of peace. Oh! conscience, violated conscience, lashed me day and night, waked up with scorpion stings, hurled me to the mouth of the yawning gulph where helpless, my eyes were turned, yes first turned to Calvary's hill—O blessed sight! I shall never forget! No, from deep despair, I was led to look, and hope, trembling, shivering, quaking, just ready to sink to a deserved, eternal hell; turned, yes, I felt, I saw by faith, the hand that turned me, that lifted me up, and said, "go in peace thy sins are all forgiven thee"—O, it was the hand once nailed to the fatal wood, the hand that tendered a pardon sealed with blood. I then cried, dear Lord and may I come? and he said, come. Blessed Saviour! precious Jesus, had I a thousand souls I'd give them all to thee. All this seemed then, and still seems to have been done for me. At this time, I first felt the hope, that is now so precious. Here I first saw the beauties of creation, and rejoiced in God; here I first felt the motions of a new life, a new existence; here I first felt the joys of humble penitence for sin; here I first saw a Saviour died for me, and saw a fulness in his precious atonement for a lost world. Here, I first hated sin, and loved holiness, and desired to be just like the Saviour. But,

3d. I hope I am a Christian, because I have a heart to love God, and all his creatures. I feel sensible that the love I bear the Father of all my mercies, and the Saviour of my soul, is not so strong as it should be—yes I feel that there is not room enough in my narrow heart for such love, in degree commensurate with the dignity of the person, and then my soul cries—O that I could love him more. And this leads me,

4thly. To think that I am a Christian, because I find a desire to gain that world where my heart will be enlarged to love God and Christ more than I can love them here; with an enlarged and undivided affection. A soul filled with God, with purity, a tongue employed in undivided elevated praise to him who hath loved me and given himself a ransom for my soul. It is not barely to get to heaven, to be freed from the pains of hell, but to be where holiness in perfection is, not merely to be happy, but holy, to be where Jesus is.

5th. I hope I am a Christian because I am pained on account of the sinfulness of my heart, my short comings, and remissness in duty.—"Blessed are they that mourn"—O to be where there is no sin, nor temptation to sin.

6th. I hope I am a Christian, because I feel a prevailing desire for the salvation of souls, not so strong as ought to be felt, but still I am at times much burdened with the subject. I also wish to see God's ministers at peace, and all, all loving one another as brethren, to see bleeding Zion healed, the church at peace and dwelling in harmony. I want to see strife cease, controversy at an end; the names of *Old School* and *New School*, forgotten—the spirit of jealousy, crimination and recrimination no longer indulged in the bosom of saints. Lord hasten the day when it shall be so.

These, Mr. Editor, are some of the reasons, not all which lead me to hope that I am a Christian. I should like to hear from you, and many of your correspondents, something on this subject. I must go soon into eternity to give an account of my stewardship. I want to be suitably prepared for it, and would rather read much on this subject in the Telegraph, than to read about the agonizing questions in the church. I fear the most that is said, originates from a wrong spirit. In this judgment I may be wrong, Lord forgive me for it, if I am.

D. S. Y.
From the Chronicle of the Church.
THE JEW RETURNING TO JERUSALEM TO DIE.
It is a remarkable fact in the history of the children of Israel, that notwithstanding they have been driven into all parts of the earth, and become slaves to all nations, they still remain a distinct people—preserving the peculiarities of their ancient habits and prejudices. They continue firm in their disbelief of the gospel, and apparently look forward with as much confidence now for a mighty Prince, who shall deliver them from their various temporal calamities, as they did eighteen hundred years ago. From the declarations of holy writ, ye are authorized to believe that, as a nation, they will yet be called to a participation of the blessings of the new covenant—but when their redemption will take place, is so easy matter to determine. According to a statement given before a recent anniversary of the British Society for the conversion of the Jews, more proselytes have been made from among them, during the last twenty years, than since the first ages of Christianity. Let us hope and pray, the period of their final restoration is not far distant.

There are many points in the character of this ancient people of God, governed of deep and patient interest. One is, the strong affection which they retain for the land of their fathers, and for that holy city which was the "residence and habitation of the kings of David." The weary and forlorn Jew, who has wandered over the world without experiencing many of the en-

joyments, hoves to return to Jerusalem, that he may die and be buried by the graves of his fathers. I was struck on reading a few days since, Jones' recent "Excursions to Cairo, Jerusalem, &c."—a book which abounds in evinces evidence of having been written in haste, will well repay a perusal—to find this fact thus affectingly alluded to by the author.

"Yearning ever after the holy land of his forefathers, the Jew, as life begins to wear out, often collects together his earnings, and raises up his sinking strength to carry him hither, that he may die in Jerusalem, and have his bones laid beneath the mountain of the ancient temple.—They are not permitted to set foot within the enclosure of Mount Moriah, but in pleasant weather they may be seen just without the outer wall, seated on the ground, and reading in their devotional books; and even for this privilege they may have to pay their Turkish governor. Sad and humbled people! They come hither from the ends of the earth, and excluded from the Holy Mountain, sit down in the dust without its walls, to mourn over their desolations, and cry, 'Lord, how long, how long?' And the mark that is set upon them follows them, even in death. The Moslems occupy the valley of Jehoshaphat, for their own burying place; and the Jews, desirous of having the shadows of Moriah fall upon their graves, have to take up the opposite side of the valley, along the slopes of the Mount of Olives. The ground there is whitened with the humble slabs that cover their graves.

"And the Lord shall scatter them among all people, from one end of the earth even unto the other; and among these nations shall thou find no ease, neither shall the sole of thy foot have rest." The sleep of death! The graves of such a people here, by the relics of the ancient city, are a touching spectacle!"

"WHAT I READ IN MY YOUTH."
An amiable lawyer, after pursuing his tortuous but successful course for many years, at last won a seat in Congress. On his way to the meeting of that assembly he was taken with a disease which at first did not seem alarming. A physician, with whom he was on terms of intimacy, went to see him. This physician was one who thought the soul of great value. He believed the disease one of those which flit but do not stay. He felt impelled to tell his friend so, and to ask after his preparation for crossing the river of death. The lawyer answered, that he could not believe in Christianity. The doctor asked if he had ever investigated the matter? He replied, that he had read such and such books on the subject, (naming over some five or six infidel authors,) and that he deemed this a sufficient research. Being asked, if he never read anything on the other side, he confessed he never had. His friend told him that he deemed this a strange investigation, but would wish to hear the argument of his strongest confidence, that an which his hope leaned with the most quiet security? His answer was,—"I can never believe in the darkness said to prevail over the land at the crucifixion of Christ. The strange silence of all writers, except the evangelists, disproves the statement, particularly the elder Pliny, who devoted a whole chapter to the enumeration of eclipses and strange things, would surely have told us of this occurrence had it been true." His friend, the physician, answered him with the following facts:

"My dear friend, permit me to tell you, where you obtained that statement concerning the silence of contemporary authors, and the chapter of Pliny devoted to eclipses. You read it in the second volume of Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. There would be some degree of force in the statement, were it not from one individual circumstance, that is, it is not true! A tree pointed on paper may resemble an oak, but it is not an oak. There is not a word of truth in Mr. Gibbon's account, although the falsehood is published. That which he calls a distinct chapter of Pliny devoted to eclipses, seems to have taken your full credence. Pliny has no such chapter! It is only a sentence, an incidental remark as it were. It consists of eighteen words. I will repeat them to you, if you wish to hear them. The import of the remark is, 'that eclipses are sometimes very long, like that of Cassar's death, when the sun was pale almost a year! A man hears of many things which he does not write. Pliny does not mention the darkness, but Celsus does, Thallus and Phlegon, Origen, Eusebius, Tertullian, and others, some of them Christians, and some of them Pagans. (The reader can see Horne's Introduction, 1. vol. chap. 2.) I am sorry you took the word of that author, especially as were his talents, for he sometimes penned falsehood without scruple, if religion was his topic."

The sick man was silent—fell into a long deep reverie—after a few days he said to a relation, "If what I read in youth gave me a wrong bias, I must atone the consequences, for I cannot investigate it now." He fell into convulsions and died.

Agas, I have been called to witness the departure of souls for eternity, in an unbelieved, stupid, unimpaired state. My heart has melted in view of their condition, and I have said to myself in meditation, and to Jesus in prayer, O that they might be brought to feel their lost condition as sinners, and to trust in the precious Saviour.

My brother, I have looked upon these scenes and received instruction: I will tell you what it is. It is this: How few truths are necessary for a dying man. Take the first case: "I am a poor sin-

ner, and I long to be in his presence, and to sing his praise in heaven. O how much he is doing for my soul." Such is the language of triumph, which, as a pastor, I have heard from a dying Christian.

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